

Pace est non e Inopiae (Volume I) : The
Narrative of the War of Time

by

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Memoria quidem, immo: peccant dolore, et in
ruina eius Vetus Deorum
(The memory of all, they even in sinning;
pain, and in the Old Gods and the fall of it)

Book 1: The Dialogues of the Lord of *the Thousand Faces* (Part I)

1.

Nullus ambigat aut ebrii stultitiam honorem patieris.
No doubt folly: or, ye drunkards, honour handed.

“Not even the howl or bark of wild animals could be heard save for three words sire.” Delta began calmly and with the same sagacity he had done throughout all campaigns, undertaken in the name of the King of the Realty, towards his King.

“There is hope! It echoed throughout the walls and terraces, battlements and streets. The only sound that could be heard was her voice ringing loud as thought it were a prophecy.” Alpha retorted, he had little confidence in the witches spells of old, and knew that there was little more that could really be done about them, save for crushing them under heel and foot.

In those days, Time, Leader of the race of people known as the Universal Constructs had not discovered that there was a usurper within his ranks. There was no way to know for sure who he was or how he got there. He was still young, filled with the freshness of victory from war and the grand old empire that he referred to as the Realty, of which his family were awaiting his presence within the unification of a distribution of light and energy over his Castle-Keep. Time who stood staring at the land he had always known as his home, far above the Earth and all its inhabitants, further still above the solar system and all things began to reply but paused for a second as he witnessed the destruction from a retaliatory strike. “It must be done sire.” Epsilons calming words continued despite the overall devastation that was being caused in totality. Yet Time said nothing for the sake of war. His eye’s were dark, darker than even his father’s eyes had been when he had been consumed with the nature of warfare and how to unify the lands of the Realty under one banner. This of course was an impossibility, as the people of the Realty, the Populii General were

separated due to the Houses Major and the Houses Minor of the Noble households of the Universal Constructs.

“My King...” a herald called out of breath as he ran from the Universal Time Absolute region of the Realty where Time’s very own Castle-Keep and tower, the source of his power and the home of his throne and hand resided. “What news doth thy simple hand bring Amon, what of Salvation?” the king finally snapped as he returned his eye to survey all of time throughout the ages of Mankind’s children through his Strategic Lens of the Battalion League, a form of telescopic weaponry that had both the power to make and destroy time itself but not spacial matter; that honour was reserved for the people that dwelt within the Celestial Crib. It would be years before the significance of what he was about to say would come to play in a trial of the manner and proportions of which he still could not understand for the role of the lifestyle and culture he lived at present were of note.

The truth was as Time stood in that moment, hair and royal robes flowing in the harshness of the solar winds, on the rocky impasse of which no human eye could see or travail; it had already begun, a war of which he could not begin to understand, nor that he could not begin to end.

“There is no news my Lord!” Amon replied unawares of the role he was yet to play in the foundation of a kingdom in its early days of conquest, the kings misguided choice to quell the rebellion of the Populii General by force was far from a choice, it was his destiny.

“Is there any news of Love or Faith, what of my betrothed, the Queen of the Realty?” Time continued to question and quiz Amon but to no avail. It was then that the voice of his conscience, the voice that had always guided him throughout the past and the present towards the future of the kingdom that Time heard his own, by now ancient voice calling out from the wilderness of some forgotten realm in the future.

That was his gift as with all peoples everywhere who were visited by the voice of the ancient. *‘I am in error where I see a signal beacon beckoning for this harsh trial, a tired old tirade, in which they parade outside of castle-keep walls, creating cells where there were none for leaders and dictators alike.’* the voice echoed in his mind before finishing with an even more cryptic point of note. *‘It is now time’*, he knew that as always, no-one else was able to hear the voice of his ancient self, and he could not see the voice as yet, so assumed that the older version of himself was travelling as with all the ancients towards the Solarium Mortem, which was the home of all the Noble figures in the history of the Realty. “This is a grim affair old friend!” Alpha, his most trusted and closest of allies began at last as leader of the Northern army and General of the Southern Defence Alliance, a league apart or so in communications infrastructure and nature. The peoples of the North and the South being of

differing temperaments had sought a means with which to unify themselves, but having founded their alliance on warfare and the blood of the people they were sworn to protect, there was little that could be done save for communicating the need for more gold, the powerful metal that ran through their very blood.

2.

Protestando deo se nihil proficere ad agit, tu est dei et tamen adhuc foris sunt iter, iam deo se sine voce audio.

While making protest to the acts of God, he could do nothing to make progress, However, there are still outside of the path; Now we hear that he made no sound.

“The harshness of the wind is almost chilling, almost acidic.” Epsilon arrived on the scene of the bloodiest of the battles that had already taken place. There was no hope of saving Salvation at this point, she would have to make her own way to the Bridge of Transcendence.

“Is there a way to give her a sign, as to how to pass forwards?” Time began, he could already feel Tyme within his blood, within his core being changing and challenging him.

“There was no sign of anyone my liege.” Kappa began; the old lantern had been hiding in wait for his master along with Alpha, Beta, Gamma and Epsilon. The connection that the good Time and the evil Tyme shared allowed Lord Tyme to transfer his thoughts to his inverse, the king once shackled within the Realty. *‘This subjecthood where there is only tyranny in a state of falsehood.’* Tyme harped on in the mind of Time. *‘Shouldst I lead my own thoughts to no end?’*

“I cannot keep fighting this creature and his legions. I am not strong enough to save her in this form.” Time finally shouted, his voice causing a cascade of stones to collapse from the brickwork of the crumbling Celestial Crib. *‘Lest a state other than my liege of late would have me exist, residing in this hell of my own making,’* the evil Lord Tyme continued attempting to intimidate Tyme with a view to sending him back to his prison. *‘where are you in this tale of modernity? my fallacy, a false palace in high tower, or a kingdom of nought in which I remain robbed of the vestiges robed within another?’*

“Not even the howl or bark of wild animals could be heard..” It was then that Delta repeated the words that he had once said to the king at the beginning of the war for more time, snapping the good Lord Time back into action.

“All is not for nought, for nought shall I say of the day we shall slay, I say.” he began to sing unawares to the fact that despite his lack of a will to continue, there was an army amassing from all corners of history, pre-history and beyond to the end of the universe. This would be the war to end all wars, and yet still they could not find Salvation.

3.

Et immortalitatis e fornicatione sua in tempore et indigentiam testamentum est: incorporate reficiat justitiam in popularis anima, licet per religiosam infrastructure foliis: civitatem fides in sui ipsius, anima et mente et animo in subtilitate intelligere multiplicatur; secundum divisionem: legitimationi de re huc, vivens.

The immortality of her own time and a lack of will to incorporate restorative justice in a democratic life, even by religious infrastructure leaves the city of faith in the self, soul, mind and spirit and fine understanding is multiplied; according to the division: for the legitimation of the subject may die, he shall live.

Tyme had finally broken through to the Veil and was now consuming the entirety of the Multiverse single handedly, he was winning this, his war. There was no hope left as everywhere, all lay consumed and destroyed as a result of his warriors, the Flood of latter days, his saints as it were as the antithesis of evil itself. Yet despite this fact, he still didn’t have the power to reverse time such that he could find his other self who remained shackled in the palace of photons at the beginning of pre-history. He was trapped as it were in the future.

“Never more so than in this moment, seething, from ceiling to ground; whilst pitting curse upon failing curse within this prison of my own making. I am embittered for reasons unknown to my own cause; a crown rests upon the head of my better, yet another kingdom, where there was none becomes my prison executioner in this hour of need, of which my children are cast from heaven’s gates. And in this moment alone, I sit, where I cannot stand

for this is to be my fate, my crowning glory?" Tyme began at last, picking his sword and calling towards his generals for counsel in the final moments prior to victory. It was then that he spotted her and three others marching towards the very same point he had led his army to from his vantage point on the Celestial Crib. They were ahead of him and were they should arrive at the Bridge to the Realty, they would overcome the barrier prior his arrival.

"There were bricks everywhere my Liege" Alpha, his first general finally called to him as he flew towards Tymes position.

"And what of the daughter of Time, has she.." he shouted

"Sir, we have found her and have begun our onslaught!" Alpha continued knowing that there was little point in attempting to explain that he didn't know much else. It was then that time drew his sword, the rusting metal glowing with desire for more energy, he then turned to Alpha as he motioned towards him; and with that the last words Alpha would hear resounded in his ears.

"Then I have no more time for you. You will be the prisoner of my good lord and nobleman, the Scythe formerly known as Death. Hand the traitor to Portia!" he laughed without holding back, whilst Death floated towards the position of Alpha who looked fearfully regretful and confused.

"I brought you.." Alpha attempted to say but the words wouldn't coalesce as the cloud that had once been Portia began to change again, consuming the properties of Alpha. She had become Tyme's Queen so long ago in the inverse version of the Multiverse that she ceased to be Portia. Once she had finished feeding on Alpha, as with the others, it was then that she allowed the words to emanate from her essence.

"The Ruins had crumbled after being bombarded, there should be nothing left of the two.." she attempted to state, but something was holding her back from finishing her sentence. Time was already present and his strength was returning, something within the Multiverse had changed.

"Why good brother Time, I thought you were shackled in the past?" Tyme began sarcastically.

"But, am I not a king, emblazoned in power, wealth and status as with other kings of notable fate; neither am I likely to be an operand, a numerator amongst denominators dominated by the song of subjections delirious dreaming!" Time exclaimed.

4.

Regina dei et domino, suo condemnabitur et amans est: caeli, et sunt quorum vita et angeli praenuntiae bonos. amica mea *Queen of the master, his lover and the person that is the air; and as harbingers of the angels, and there are those whose lives are good. My love.*

Salvation stood for a second, sizing up the Veil, what had been her home for near on an Aeon, eternity in human years, a mere month in her own, would now be her salvation.

"Is this a test? A game? Are you actually there?" she called, yet there was no answer. The sound of the Veil glitching made her realise she had to travel across the bridge or else face erasure as with the rest of the Constructs within the Veil. She was the last of them. The humans who had followed her to their doom were now to be her only allies. Again the words resounded within all of their minds, and it was then, in that moment that he shouted to her;

"Nullus ambigat aut ebrii stultitiam honorem patieris." his Latin had been rusty from the start, and the translation poor, but none the less, he knew that Salvation would understand it, she could speak every language known to mankind, and then some. She was a god and a force for good, unlike Tyme who had spent a large proportion of his waking life building, constructing, enlightening his soldiers and making an army of the populi general. His

time was at hand, and there was a limited window. As Ghengis stood beside Alexander and Cleopatra, the three of them the last remaining survivors, if they could be classed as survivors of the human race, within the Veil, land of the living shadow and home to the dead and the living alike, a cold chill ran down their necks at the same time. He was here.

“Arm yourselves, pick a shield and prepare for war!” Ghengis called to Alexander, this time, the multiverse would not save them from an impending battle. Salvation meanwhile stood looking at the bridge of light. It’s construction and the style of the epigram that was floating ahead of her. She was still unable to see and wholly dependant upon the human figures who seemed shadowy and lost in a darkened state.

It was almost as if, true to her name, she had to save them from themselves, from this war, all she could see was the golden aura of the words coming alive; it was the very merging of the Multiverse itself. They four were all that stood between every living and deceased creature from every corner of every part of every universe that would, could and had and equally likely ever will exist, and total and utter decimation, dissolution at the hands of the self proclaimed ruler of all time sentient and otherwise. “No!” she shouted. Cleopatra always had a strong and somewhat keen sense with regards to the foundations of a war as she clung onto the arm of Alexander in the hopes that he would form a chain between themselves and Salvation, but it was too late, as the two men assumed their bravery in attacking first would be their actual salvation and bravery in death. Her head turned towards Salvation who had started to walk towards the light of the bridge, despite not being able to see the searing brightness of it.

It was too late, Alexander was the first of the two soldiers, commanders of armies and leaders of men in their own times of empire and conquest to fall. To Tyme this was in actuality just another momentary passing from one side of the Veil to another, a convulsion of energy throughout the multiverse that would bypass that very natural passing of energy from one point to another. He fell like the empirical poem he had been constructing the moment he met Salvation and thought her to be his god. He remembered how she had smiled, and cast aside her very strength in the form of the rope woven of the finest gold knit into the shape of a string and equally he remembered up until the very last moment, how she had sang with such a strength, such a vision as to call to his very senses.

The way in which the coldness of the Veil took control of him, the way in which he became one with Tyme, succumbing to the sound of the marching orders was all becoming and far from how he would have wished to spend the remainder of eternity; fighting for another dictator at the cost of his own personal will. But he couldn’t escape the eyes of the god-like Tyme, his voice calling to him in his own head. Despite this fact, Salvation did

nothing, she simply stood, watching, waiting for the moment when she would become one with them as with them all. She had lost hope.

“You once told me that you were Salvation, future ruler of a land distant and far away. You told me that you would save us all. I’ve watched my people, my own soldiers become like him. YOU have to do something!” Cleopatra shouted. Yet still Salvation did nothing. She wasn’t ignoring her, nor was she attempting to deny Tyme his victory, rather she was waiting. It was a lantern, and it was a clock, the epigram that was constantly changing position.

“Perhaps..” she began at last, and as she stretched an arm out beyond the armour she had worn on her wrists to protect her from the Temporal Stream in this dimension, she realised something important.

Genghis was next, he stood between the slowly advancing warriors and Alexander’s body as it lay on the ground, he would become one of the monsters in a matter of minutes by human standards, little did he know that despite the fact that Salvation had become a part of the Veil, she was from another land, her perception of time was different, and the conversation Cleopatra was referring to was one of many she had had with many different people of renown; having foreknown that this moment would become her moment of transcendence. She removed the armour tentatively from her fingers at first, then her wrist as Cleopatra picked up a shield to protect Salvation from what was approaching in the air.

“Do something!” Cleopatra shouted as Genghis grimaced and looked in her direction whilst holding his own shield up. Neither of them were afraid of death, they were after all already dead, but having said that, the afterlife had some very dark characters, and even darker weapons of destruction of mass. As he looked upwards he could see the celestial crib, the birthing place and home of the stars themselves as Salvation had once described them.

Tyme smiled the chilling cold smile he always did, his face highly visible now over the multiverse. There was no sign of Imperator or any of the Geodesic Crew; Abigail was dead or lost in the past and Hugh Lord who had been fighting against the Flood with the remainder of the Universal Constructs was now simply a pawn in a game to control the last two survivors of humanity. It was then, as Alexander began to make the sound they each knew to be the sign of a darkening of his lifeblood and very soul that he slowly began to recompose as one of them, as one of the Flood. Meanwhile Salvation calmly but quickly continued to remove her armour in the only fashion she knew how. This war would come to an end one way or another, whether she found the ability to see, or the light shone clearly, guiding her towards the old man she could hear. Her undergarments, the clothing she had been wearing the whole time underneath the armour were

white and golden, shimmering in the light of the area below the Celestial Crib.

She began to walk towards the bridge and as she did, she knew that they would not be able to come alongside her, so she said nothing, she simply allowed them to protect her to the very last second, giving them the hope they needed to believe. In Cleopatra's mind, she had already established a connection to the greater good within her, and she knew that she would fall leaving Genghis alone. *'Do not be afraid. Remember your love for your children, for your family, for your friends. Do not be forsaken by the love of material wealth..'* the sound of Salvation rang heavy in her mind. *'Remember your love of life itself, remember your love of your own death and no other, but remember this love of mine!'* and with that, despite this being the first time that Salvation's voice had been heard in the mind of a non Universal Construct, it became the beacon the two needed to carry on, pushing against the every growing tide of creatures as the bridge collapsed causing them to become the gateway to the Realty Salvation had spoken of so often. She had to sacrifice the two of them in order to save them a space in the Realty as Universal Constructs. For it was in that moment, as they both sacrificed themselves knowingly that they gained entrance to Time's Kingdom. It was her all along, she had been the secret to the final door within the gate to her home. She, the future queen of her own people who had resided within him, her father all along. She was the reason he had been imprisoned outside of time and space themselves as though she were the answer to the lock and the reason why she had been trapped within the very prison that he had created to protect her from the horrors of war. Mankind was no longer a danger to civilisation at large and she would be the Architect who stood by his side, no longer to narrate a choral song, or the death of the choral songs.

"There is hope!" she finally mustered the exclamation in words that could easily be understood in all languages, within one blurry sentence after another as the rift closed. Her hands bloodied with sweat could finally rest as she smiled, the vestiges of regality glinting in her almost human, but welcoming none the less, eyes.

5.

Doctrina librum legis Domini: et docebit te solum; ratione iuris et technica verba requiritur, ad florentissimam permanere, iustus et rectus. Sed te incolumi rerum mearum opus socialis mutatio Joannes baptizans, in quo vos satus?

The doctrine of the book will teach you alone; the legal and technical words are required to continue prosperous, just and right. However, as you are all my work, immersing social change, where do you start?

'Dogs of the forsaken, warriors of old snarling at my own bark hollow. Embittered, this lack of dignity, of worth, this fakery of mind and soul, body and heartless beating in mind of a closing down for this day in disdain.' the hollow and somewhat dejected voice of the now ancient Time began as it always did. And as always, it arrived at a point when there was no need to fear or rush, no need to hurry or tarry with sword or other form of weaponry

for the Universal Constructs of the Populii General were a peaceful race of peoples from every known nation and place throughout the multiplicity of the Multiverse; residing within the land of the Realty. It was Epsilon who broke the king's silence having witnessed little of the events that caused him to stir in the night.

"The lover of a life in solitude?" Epsilon's voice boomed.

"One's own life of learning is a liberty most certainly taken for granted almost every time" the king replied.

"Every day in the modern age it would appear." Epsilon continued turning towards the stars at night, his back not facing the king or the fire but rather facing what was then known as the Celestial Crib. The King of the Realty had chosen freedom, chaste and undefiled as with the very world of a life free from the plague of mental ill health of which the freedom resides hence the warfare for the very same freedoms his people were now living for and by. Freedom, to speak, to act and think as the mind dictates.

"To control one's self and one's emotions or language and use thereof, that is the blessing beyond all blessings old friend, is it not?" the King was the first to break the silence.

"I remember the old schoolmasters chant, *To intrinsically be good. The amount of work undertaken by your betters in an age of civil strife unmet by hands unseen, by quills untouched or works created by simplicity in an age of unknowing truth. Is this the justice, the constitution of a man?*" Epsilon began as though attempting to jog the memory of his leader as to happier times.

"A person, either wills a single toll, of knowledge of the tongue of another; becometh I, the bard in principle" the king replied from his position shackled on the floor like he had lost the war to save the people of the Realty.

"Thou art he, of whom and which I seek" Epsilon called, almost whispering through the locked gate.

"It is time sire, to break you free of those shackles. They have killed the last of the Choral Songs, Love is lost, Faith is no more and Religion has gone to seek mankind. The Populii General have turned from the teachings of old and the worst is to be feared for the Kingdom, a Usurper named Tyme seeks to wear the crown of Time our Lord and King, saviour of the Populii General and leader of the learned Houses Major and Minor of the Universal Time Absolute, within the lands of the Realty. The king understood and prepared for the doorway to be destroyed. He had lost a lot of weight, and there was little sustenance to be had from the food that was being provided on his side of the gate. This was not how he treated deposed rulers, dictators and tyrants alike, it was not how he treated those he removed from power.

"What value have you, have we as a society in honour through subjecthood, as a society?" the good lord time began as he was carried out of the chambers, his prison cell where he had been shackled at the end of time and space and all things.

"Attribute to this metal, this crystal that has torn and literally cast you out of the earth, costing the Earth and it's people their humanity!" Epsilon continued in reply to his leader's question, whilst attempting to hide away from armed guards who walked in every direction. Sneaking in was easy in disguise, sneaking out with the king in tow would be less easy.

"Is it catalogued daily in a singular word? This hope for freedom?" There were a few moments in which Epsilon who was alone, for it would have been easier to fight to the death but were it not for the king's very life which was at stake.

"This word is used in a widespread fashion and manner such that every house, building, company and individual with money to afford goods and services interacts with it in one way, one shape, one form." the good lord Time continued but as his ranting ceased he became aware of the fact that he had been picked up and placed down a number of times.

"The words flow from your mouth though you know them not as having meaning, rather they are insult to a crown unmeaning. Thou should look fast upon the brow of another and pray for better. This word, of course it remains the same, "stock" and it characterises who we are as a society, based on and founded within the markets and corporate entities that people either love or loathe based on the social interaction they associate with natural behaviour of the very same." it sounded like he was going crazy and as he wouldn't stop talking, his loyal guard Epsilon would be forced to protect him and himself from any enemy forces as they attempted to escape the deeper recesses of the dungeons of the Castle-Keep. It was unbecoming of anyone to tell the king that he was crazy or that the power he once wielded had gone to his head, as he was now he would be forever, reciting legends of old in the hopes that the old gods might show their favour towards his people.

"In exemplar; we demand an example where this uncivil greed for want of more becometh the dream of a hope for want of less strife. When you think of the image of the most holy, dost thy hand lend itself to the question '*who are your gods amongst these mortal men and good ladies of the crowning glory of the heavens?*' then turn thy heart thy hand to the questions not of '*where do they reside?*' nor '*why can't thy ear lend itself to the praying unison of all voices in chorus?*'" the king continued as Epsilon fought, battling his way through guard post after patrol until they two were both nearly outside of the Castle-Keep of time, where once Time and Tyme had battled so long ago. Where Salvation had freed herself from Death, where

the end had befallen Tyme and would do so again as the repetition of the Multiverse began.

“And yet still the sacrificial questions of life expected of an unlearned individual, one such as I. Is this norm a formal question across all corners of a flat earth falling to an edge like water falls from a sword in time of rain as opposed to the blood knit from a human skill lends itself in time of war to the very same swords and swordsmen? I am made a better person through belief in someone else, through their rhetoric and diatribe in to me alone if nothing more” Epsilon finally resumed once they were safely on a transport away from the centre of the corrupting influence of the tower of the castle. Time was regaining his corporeal strength of which Tyme had been feeding off of with the former lady Portia, known now only by the name Death, along with her sister Apocalypse Devinous.

7.

Ego sellemni fidelium in fide:

I am in the feast which was in the faith of the faithful:

Gamma : From tall tower to castle peak, we have us here a signal that shines through the darkness, to the very boundaries of every nations horizon. Manifest through the good in the very hearts of mankind, prayers in unison of which are meat for the gods. The betrayer means to cause us to usurp our king during

this golden age of leisure beyond the cruel mercy of fallen dictators; once met with steel, now they raid our store houses to find them empty vessels of a state in want.

Et hoc non tenet blasphemiae falsa atrium, cum patienda
meliorum : imperia orta ab voluntatem discere huius
*This does not insulting false court, with the hardship of better
arisen governments will learn from this*

‘caritas’ est, sicut semel caritas, hic amor humanitatem.
‘Love’ is like a shopping cart once; This love of humanity.

Ferit bivio horam ita quod campanile tributa guttulis ac vidit
furiosae esse factum.
*Hour strikes the street, so that the bell taxes drops and he saw, to
his furious to have been done.*

Haec tetigit me devoutest proximo loco quo eius quasi carcerem
et in hora tinniant. Testor, sicut te, in carmen reflexionem aurea,
includat hic chorus: Timeo quod inpendebat exitio aspernantes
miserandus dies tenebrarum omnes perditum interrogationis modo
esse sin honore honestum putabat complacere sui frustra.
*This touched me to the next point devoutest I was like a prison,
and the hour ring. Witness like you are in a song reflecting gold,
includes choir; I fear that the impending doom were disregarded
All the pity of a day Abandoned for questioning But if he thought
it was delightful to her labor is in the honor of the honest.*

8.

Constitutionalis rectum iudicium parium diu et quasi in aede
constituta novos veteresque omnes homines intueri animum
pallore quantumcumque tepida caliginis mentibus morte vitam.
*And as long as the judgement constitutional right front being
both new and old, all people could see the spirit of the pallor of
death minds far misty gloom life.*

Beta : Is it a problem good sir, that I should choose to sneer
when all is lost; I have come to this place, I have come here, lest
I face the wrath of the tyrant to be. What love there was, there is
now no more but a shadow of things yet unseen in idle silence.

Sapientia sermoni smiles Pro
The wisdom of smiles

Attamen dignatus est ab exiguo radio percutiens faciem caelesti
mortalis huius vitae meae amoris; Abyssus ad pugnam ex cherub
ala arce angelica seminatur.

*However, it is deemed a few rays strike the face of my earthly
life, to the celestial of love; Deep calleth unto the battle of the
cherub, the other wing of the castle, the angelic is sown.*

: Initium sapientiae illorum cantuum hoc audio deserto defrustis
quibusdam, quihuius sceleris reus est mihi carmen est alligatum.
*The beginning of wisdom is to hear those songs wilderness
DISMEMBER to some people, accursed me a song chained.*

Cursu per lutum pedes nix recens casus a finibus novum iter.
*Trudging through the mire of the feet, snow disaster from the
ends of a new journey.*

9.

Ego magis oculum aliena cupiditas libido hanc uitam sanguine ad
mittunt. Interdiu aut nocte
*I have an eye more foreign money they send to the lust of the
blood of this life. In the daytime or in the night,*

Alpha : The love of life, this life, of ones life in which this
honour, for no two houses; more notable might be enjoined in
matrimony as with all things holy. In this our scene is met with
good as with evil scorned upon our scorched isle.

Die Alexandro natum terra cecinere lovem clamor ortus invidia
proximum fenestris apertis stella Compositum oculis futurae
immortalitati in Troia.

*Alexander was born on earth sound a warning note, Jupiter; and
the cry was the envy of his neighbor, The combination of open
windows Star my future immortality in Troy.*

Nomen dare vobis CONTUO mun militaris tenebrarum
disciplinae cognitionem ratione odium natum morientes vivunt
gloriam amor, per contemptibile contestationem et colloquium
instaurandum partes aequitatis.

*The name you give SEE military chaotic world; science
knowledge to hate Son dying live glory Love, the contempt issue
dialogue and the role of justice.*

Prima est, quod tota acies vocare? Sicut siren es exspectatione
laritione; in recentia dystopia hoc contra naturam statione mi
cælum.

*The first is, because the whole field to call? Are the temptress, as
the expectation of the result of presents; In recent operations,
dystopia This unnatural station, my heaven.*

Ubi iam tum mihi hisce oculi mei pre- sceleti et cruribus.
Where and had then, my eyes are these pre-skeleton and legs.

10.

Intendo populi cuncti clamore manificus et vigilate hoc ipso rogo
te orta ex sequias quae hodie hic moriar.

The shouts of the people, even all that I intend magnified and watch it I have arisen from the following Here is today's die.

Oculus meus aurem tuam, et deficere pigrum recepit! Regressus inquam, surda aure et magis cum his Stultus, nec exaudivit me.

The eye also of my God, incline thine ear, and fall short of the slothful: had! I say, Even a fool, and the more the case when a deaf ear to them, and would not hear me,.

Dilexit me et te tu reliquisti me exspectat, in manu militiæ utcum honore erratur.

Loved you and you left me? Waiting for the hand of the military merely to honor goes wrong.

Nam in hac die interfectionis meæ viventis ultra usque in sempiternum, ut in ordine et ex voluntate mea, corpus oriri devoratis in mundo est usque in iudicio, ut semper magis sit periulo consociatio cum ex significatione vitæ in ea.

For, in the day of the murder of the living God of my more than ever, as stated in the order, and in my song will I, arise in the body, it is still engulfed in the world in the judgment, is the Church to be increasingly the risk of from the signification of an association with the life in it.

Voces suas crescere in maius ad hoc tympanum strictura caelestis: Simile est cor meum in pectore expuli violaria font.

Their voices grow louder to Drum beating heavenly I drove out of my heart is in the breasts of the same font as violets.

judicii, Iovem 'veteris hominis Dei'

ad caelum est Deu ex lege est: aequum et
efficaciores in rebus egestas; civili urbs
frequens est scire intelligere: et ex aequo
: quarter in anno eisdem ipsis de dei
legibus regis et regina

*he addressed to heaven has promised is of
the law in matters of right and available
to consider more effective law enforcement;
civil city to know to understand and
equally, four times a year by the same laws
of the King and Queen*

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